

Ottawa Ski Club News

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Wishing You A Happy New Year

The snow is here need anything more be said to the skiers of Ottawa, young or old? The snow is here, and the whole of this dreamy and magic land of the North now lies open to us! Others, dreading the cold, may go south "where winter laughs". We choose to stay here to laugh at the winter, with a shirt on our back and a pair of skis on our feet. The cold season is all too short; to miss a single chance of going out would be a sin. Come out on the trails of the Ottawa Ski Club and enjoy freedom and happiness!

The Ottawa Ski Club News again comes to life with this issue, after a lapse of eight months; you may now drop your subscriptions to all other papers; hopping around on planks is the only thing that matters, until the shrill voice of the street urchin is again heard, calling out as we carry our skis under the hot April sun "Where are you going to get the snow, mister?" To edit this circular, to report all the activities of this big club of ours is a very interesting task but not always a light one. Your editor has felt at times that perhaps this publication has outlived its usefulness—practically every one is converted to skiing now—but whenever he suggested that it might be dropped, and a big saving effected thereby, some one would arise and say "You just drop that circular, and see what happens to your Club!" The Editor does not believe that the Club would lose a single member if this weekly bulletin should disappear; it is not therefore the fear of what might happen that keeps us going, but the hope that we are still filling a useful purpose by helping to maintain a proper Club spirit. Your assistance is required however. Do not imagine that the Editor wants to do it all alone, he is never so happy as when he finds a contribution from one of you in his mail box (P.O. box 65). Write to him once in a while to tell him about your trips, your doings, and other people's doings, anything that may interest the members of this Club and induce others to come out on the trail.

Lodges.—**The Dome-Hill Lodge** with its orthophonic Victrola, its grand piano, fire place, hot dogs and strong tea, is now running full swing under new management. Night parties are welcome. Write a day ahead to "Caretaker Ottawa Ski Club Lodge, Ironsides, Que." or phone "Q. 2501. —**The Pink Lake Lodge** is as sunny as ever. —**Camp Fortune** with its new coat of paint looks wonderfully bright. The partition shutting out the light in the hall-way has been removed and there is not a dark spot in the whole building.

Trails.—The trails leading in and out of Camp Fortune have been wonderfully improved by Capt. T. J. Morin and his squad. The Canyon has been made twice as wide as it was, and all stumps and stones have been blown out with dynamite. A new and wonderful hill "The Horse race" has been added to the Merry-Go-Round. Traveler's hill has been cleaned of shrubs from top to bottom. The pines trimmed and the alders removed at the bottom, thus adding a magnificent half-mile slide, called the "Great Divide" because it shoots across the creek. A week has been spent on the Little Switzerland trail, where not a shrub remains.

The first Preliminary race of the season, under the management of Ottawa University, will be run on Saturday Dec. 4 over the Ironside Course, starting from the end of the Wrightville car line. Classes for Seniors, Juniors and Novices, boys and girls. Watch next issue for a complete schedule of competitions for the season.

ABOUT FALLING TIMBER AND FLOWER POTS

WANTED.—Young man answering to the name of Captain T. J. Morin, alias "Old Man Joe", charged with the wanton destruction of valuable timber, including a number of mahogany, teak and rosewood trees. \$5,000 reward for his capture, dead or alive.

There is a little story that our readers may have heard, about a young lady, living in a fourth storey flat in Paris, and who, pining away for want of green things, once planted flower seeds in pots, and set the pots in a neat row on the sill of a window overlooking the street, watering them copiously and regularly in the best horticultural fashion. Now what do you suppose came up?

? ? ? ?

Why, the sergent-de-ville came up (that much dreaded person whom we call the policeman here) who ordered the pots removed and imposed a heavy fine on the innocent young lady.

It should perhaps be explained here that Paris municipal regulations strictly forbid the placing of flower pots on window sills because the said pots are likely to be swept off by the gusts of the March wind—the same wicked wind that lifted the ladies' skirts so high when ladies wore skirts,—and land on somebody's dome or head gear. However Parisians who know, know that the wind was not always to blame for such distressing accidents. There was generally a mischievous French youngster behind the pot, giving it a push and timing its fall with such devilish accuracy that it crashed on the sidewalk just two inches in front of a passer-by. Quite a problem in mathematics, but the French school boys are quite apt at exact sciences. What thrills, for the kid and for the passer-by! Your average Parisian, used to wars, revolutions and the falling of things from windows, took it good naturedly, realizing that kids are kids and youth must have its fling. He might say "nom d'une pipe" ou "nom d'un chien" and raise his cane threateningly, but would go no further. With the advent of excitable American visitors however, the air became so thick with real profanity when pots dropped on the sidewalks that the "gendarmarie" had to step in and put a stop to this very innocent and generally harmless form of amusement. In other words, to put it in their own vernacular, the American visitors spilled the beans.

This story came back, out of the dim past, to your Editor's mind when Captain T. J. Morin, his face reflecting legitimate pride and the glow of many suns and moons at Camp Fortune, appeared before the directors to account for a six weeks absence and an avalanche of bills that threatened to place the Club into bankruptcy. In masterly fashion Joe brushed aside all petty criticisms and objections by stating that he had widened the dangerous Canyon and raked it with a fine tooth comb so well that thirty men could take it abreast; that he had cut other trails "that wide" in all directions from the Camp, removing all obstructions including trees; in short, "that he had sown the seed from which a new crop of skiers would surely arise."

That the skiers would come, no one doubted, but a vague fear persisted in the minds of the Directors that something else might come up, in other words that falling timber might bring in its train the same evil as dropping pots. They were not mistaken. As soon as the glad tidings of new trails "that wide" had been broadcast, someone called someone else over the phone and casually remarked that "The skiers must have been cutting quite a few trees" and the person who received the information again called someone else to say that "Quite a number of trees had been cut!" Start a rumour and see how quickly it grows! When the last phone was reached on the Hollow Glen line connecting the bush owners residences, the number of trees had grown to a thousand. A thousand big trees wantonly sacrificed, ruthlessly slaughtered, for the selfish enjoyment of "plank hoppers"! What a shambles and what a shame! While the secretary was working over time answering people who wanted to know if the pines they had purchased in the Tree Selling Campaign were among the slain, Joe was pleading on the spot with the multitude of people who had invaded the mountain to survey



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the desolation wrought by his little axe. He had no difficulty in convincing the skiers of the usefulness of his work, but he found the bush lot owners less amenable to reason. In vain did he explain that it was an unintentional mistake, made with the best of intentions, that he thought he was on Club's property, or on the property of some one who had given permission, that his cutting of trees was, after all, only judicious thinning, such as would be advised by forestry experts, and benefitting the bush as a whole as well as the skiers; that his trails were not a mile wide as a fool reporter had stated, but only fifteen feet in their widest parts and that fifteen feet was the normal distance trees should be at in the bush anyway; that all the wood he had cut was still there, in cord wood length, and piled up . . . the bush owners refused to be pacified, pointing out that the pile was so small that it was not worth while driving up for it, which was quite true; that it was, in any case poor satisfaction to pick up half a cord of wood now, when, in the short space of thirty more years, a big stick of timber could be had; that the trees Joe had cut had tremendous potential value; they were in fact the very best in the mountain; that Joe should have asked, anyway, and when, in desperation, Joe begged them to name an amount for damages, they quoted such a staggering sum that Joe felt strangely sick all of a sudden.

With his mania for pushing trees and stumps out of the way, that terrible little man had got the Club into a whole lot of trouble!

Let us hasten to say in Joe's defence however that he was, at all times, working under the assumption that he had permission to swing his axe. How such mistakes happen can easily be understood. In the process of cutting a trail, one comes to a bush lot which is supposed to belong to John Smith. Everybody says so and everybody says also that Smith has the "width of fifty acres" which must be quite a big lot; an acre is a long bit, as every one knows who has walked "two or three more acres" under a farmer's direction. So to John Smith you go, hat in hand and say pleasantly "Mr. Smith there is quite a good hill in your bush lot, but it is a bit thick with trees. Would you allow us to fell a few if we cut them in cord wood length and pile them neatly along the trail? To such a request ninety-nine

John Smiths out of a hundred would reply "You want to cut cord wood for me? Great stuff! Go to it and cut all you like". And after the wood is cut and neatly piled, and you are looking with pride on the magnificent hill you have cleared, John Brown comes up with the sheriff and says "What the h--- are you doing on my bush lot? You are not safe to be let loose. The place for you is the jail. Come along! and then you suddenly discover that "the width of fifty acres" is only four acres, exactly 832 feet, about fifty strides on skis, that you are way past Smith's lot into Brown's; in other words, you are in dutch! You have not been cutting saplings and cord wood as you thought you were; since you entered Brown's you have been encroaching on the most valuable timber limits in the Gatineau. The same tree that would have made one quarter of a cord of wood valued at \$1 a cord on the stump in Smith's, would have made fifty axe handles valued at \$1 a piece in Brown's. And as the removal of half a dozen of such trees has spoiled the bush for future use, the only way for you to make good is to buy the whole bush!

Any so-called public utility concern, building a transmission power line may, without notice or warning, cut a swath 200 ft. wide and three hundred miles long through the best wooded land in the country and compensate the owners, at the rate of \$20 an acre, but a ski club may not strip one third of an acre, which is exactly the area represented by a trail fifteen feet wide through a bush four acres wide, without being called upon to pay hundreds of dollars in damages. Of course an industrial corporation, with a revenue of millions of dollars is poor, very poor, while a ski club getting a thousand dollars from a thousand junior members, and paying out one dollar and fifty cents out of every dollar must be extremely wealthy. Anything that makes a noise like a dividend will always have the support and respect of public and governments alike, while sporting clubs paying no tangible dividends are looked upon as a nuisance. If we were extracting minerals out of the ground at Camp Fortune, selling paper stocks and producing sulphurous fumes that kill all vegetation, then we might get wholesale expropriating powers, but we are only producing health and strength out of the snow and cold weather, and who cares for that? And yet, who could measure in terms of money the amount of good derived by the people of Ottawa, young and old, and the City of Ottawa in general, from the efforts of the Ottawa Ski Club?

One lesson to be drawn from this little tale is that no one should cut a tree, no matter how small, without permission; another one is that we must have more elbow room at Camp Fortune to develop the wonderful hills lying all around us. Who will come to the help of the Ottawa Ski Club?

Ottawa Ski Club phone, Q. 2501.—We now have a phone of our own, and any one wanting information of any kind about the Club's activities, joining or re-joining, guests' cards, etc., may call up Q. 2501.

The Editor of this Circular gets his mail at Box 65, Post-Office. He is never so happy as when he hears from one of you. Please help him to fill the pages of this circular. It will be published weekly from now on, until the end of the season.

Fees and checking.—Although we have had already six week's wonderful ski-ing weather, only about a quarter of our members have paid their fees. We must remind them that the 1929 badge ceases to have any value after January 1. In other words all those who are not wearing a 1930 badge after Jan. 1 will be considered as guests and must pay \$1, for a week-end, (Saturday and Sunday) Please pass the word around. **Checking starts on January 4th. Your \$1. receipt is good for \$1. rebate on the membership fee.** Pay your fees at McGiffins's, Sparks St.

Ski Exchange & Lost & Found.—For sale, skis 6' 6" Hagen fittings; poles to match. Phone Q. 8430.—Found, on the shores of Fortune Lake Creek, in October, gold watch chain. Call R. 4804.—Left at Camp Fortune on Nov. 17, pair of eye-glasses, shell rims, gold frame; finder please phone Q. 506.

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OTTAWA WINTER CARNIVAL . . . FEB. 1ST TO 11TH

That Western Lodge. Somewhere along the ridge, three or four miles from Camp Fortune, is a spot of wondrous beauty which has long ago been picked as a possible site for a lodge. No lodge has been erected because the Club had no money, and because the Directors were not at all satisfied that new stopping places were necessary. Every new camp is, of course, an added liability, and increases the total running expenditure. However, when a petition signed by a hundred members was received the other day, the said directors had to "sit up and take notice." "If a Western Lodge is so badly wanted as all that" they said "let those who are interested collect the money and we will attend to the building of it." They did not think, of course, that anything would come of it, but those "Westerners" are persistent. They have formed a strong committee, and are now endeavouring to raise some \$1200 in life memberships, foundation memberships, six per cent Treasury notes, donations, etc. You will likely be approached. Make it a foundation membership if you can!

Your Editor believes that a Western Lodge would fill a long felt need. By providing a half-way stopping place, it would help to revive the long-distance trips, from Cascades, Wakefield, etc. It would relieve the congestion at Camp Fortune, and give those who arrive there early a further objective to reach, by the wonderful trail of the dippers. Let us, by all means build a Western Lodge!"

Just out of the Press—The Canadian Ski Annual for 1928-9 is now on sale at McGiffin's (25c a copy). Do not fail to get one when you drop in for your new badge. The Annual contains a lot of valuable information about skiing and a number of well written and highly interesting stories and articles. This year's issue, splendidly illustrated, does great credit to the Editor, Percy Douglas, President of the Canadian Amateur Ski Association. Back issues of the Annual may also be had. Inquire at McGiffin's.

Dome Hill Juniors Excursions are now in full swing every Saturday, starting by Wrightville car, Hull Electric Station Chateau Laurier at 10.30 a.m. Apply to Mrs. F. G. Semple, Q. 6747. Full particulars will be given in next issue.

DORMITORY LODGES

THE PHILLIPS LODGE

On the eve of his departure, the retiring United States Minister sent the following letter enclosing a cheque for \$500.

Legation of the
United States of America
Ottawa
December 12th, 1929.

My dear Mr. Mortureux:

While I am not a great expert on skis, as you well know, I am a great admirer of the Ottawa Ski Club, of which I had the pleasure of being a member since coming here. May I show my appreciation of the many good times which I have had on your trails by presenting to the Club a Dormitory Lodge, for which I take pleasure in enclosing herewith my cheque. I think you told me the other day when I saw you that the Club needed an additional Lodge at Camp Fortune.

Sincerely yours,
William Phillips.

C. E. Mortureux, Esquire,
President, Ottawa Ski Club.

The ten thousand skiers of Ottawa, the twenty-five hundred members of the Ottawa Ski Club and the Night-Riders in particular—those who sleep as well as those who do not,—are deeply appreciative of this mark of kindness and generosity of the retiring United States Minister. Let him find here the expression of our warmest thanks. The new lodge will be known as the "Phillips Lodge" and will bear the inscription "Donated by the First United States Minister to Canada."

Those "sleeping" lodges—Whether it is on account of the weather, the elevation, the heat, the cold, the noise or the lack of noise, the fact is that no one ever appears to sleep at Camp Fortune. Ask any one as he rolls out of his bunk if he has had a good night's rest and he will cheerfully answer "Fine, but I did not sleep a wink." And yet, they all want sleeping accommodation! Like the eternal quest for happiness, always sought but never found! The Juniors have sleeping accommodation, but they want more; the Seniors have not got any and they want some. The girls are now agitating for a sleeping lodge. "Look at the great big shack the President has" they all say. They forget that the President paid for his shack, and that he puts up, free of charge, the workers and some loafers as well.

The Club cannot afford, out of its slender revenue, to build bunk houses. If the girls want one, why don't they get a generous lady friend to pay for it, as Messrs. Southam, Plant and Phillips have done for the boys? If the Seniors must have one, why don't they get together and put up the money?

Applications for bunks.—Applications are now being taken for bunks in the Dormitory Lodges at Camp Fortune. Owing to the generosity of the Hon. Wm. Phillips, the Club is enriched by a third bunk-house, which is now under construction and will be ready for use early in the new year.—Applications from Intermediate members will, as last year, be preferred, but any bunks left over after Jan. 5 will be allotted to other applicants.—Students from the same school will, as far as possible, be allotted to the same Lodge, and successful applicants will be required to sign agreement to the following conditions:

To work for the Club when called upon. To supply their own blankets and a key to the bunk, and leave a duplicate of this with the Director in charge. To keep not only the Lodge, but also its surroundings, neat and clean. To remove all personal property. To co-operate with those in charge at all times from the Lodge in the Spring. To pay a fee of \$2.00, plus 35c for a key to the Lodge. The use or possession of intoxicating liquor in any form in the Lodges will call for **immediate** cancellation of sleeping privileges.

Make your applications to Alex J. Thomas, 22 Waverley St., Phone Q. 7591W, giving name, address, age, and school attended.

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Miss Margaret Silver,
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All communications regarding this Circular to be addressed to
"The Editor O.S.C. News, P.O. Box 65."

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